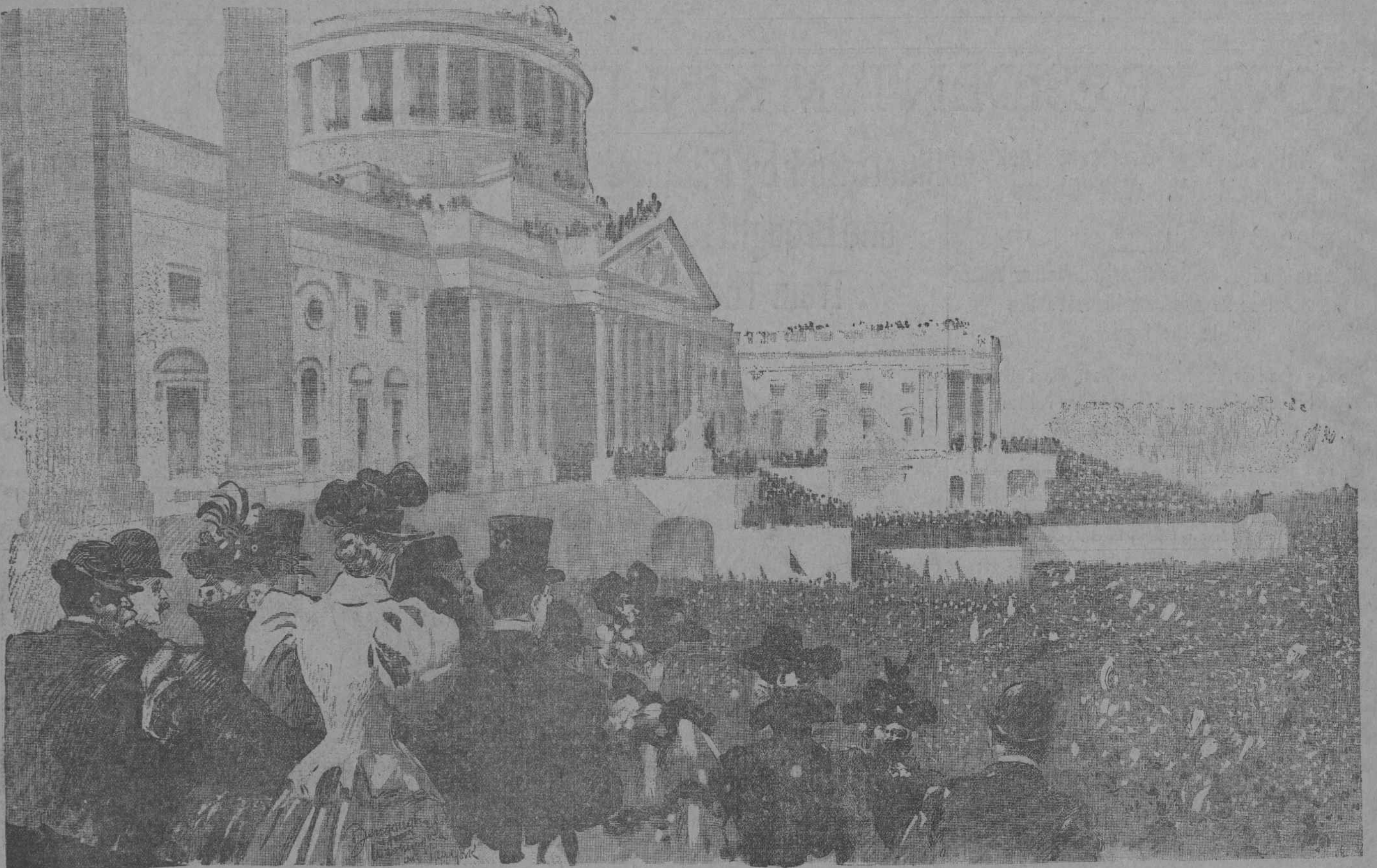


THE IMMENSE CROWD GATHERED AT THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON YESTERDAY



consists not so much of positive rules and regulations that can be read as of an accumulation of customs, usages, traditions, precedents and phrases, to be learned only by practice and observation. To transfer a man in middle life, without parliamentary training, from the bourse or the market place to this exalted station, and present him as a novice before the curious and scrutinizing celebrities of the world, will test his poise and nerve to the edge. It is just to say for Mr. Hobart that he endured the ordeal with signal success. His bearing was modest and his self-possession complete. He recited his brief and unpretentious address as the secretary might read a report to a board of bank directors. The impression that he made was distinctly forcible.

Mr. Stevenson's Address.

The valedictory of Vice-President Stevenson was a tedious, perfunctory recitation of the powers and duties of the Senate and its presiding officer, accompanied by an egotistical rehearsal of his personal relations to the body, which might have been well enough in executive session, but might have been appropriately abbreviated when fifty thousand men were waiting to hear the President's inaugural and escort him to the White House. Speaker Reed occupied the platform with the two Vice-Presidents during the proceedings, which has not been customary, though a commendable innovation. His gravity was imperturbable, but he evidently smiled internally at the passing show.

The new Senators took the oath in groups of four, except Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who was called to the desk separately, accompanied by his colleague, and sworn in alone. This venerable man is but three months the junior of Mr. Gladstone. The 14th of next April he will be eighty-seven. He enters now upon his sixth term in the Senate, breaking the record for longevity. Though bowed with the burden of years, he exhibits no infirmity, and his mental powers are unimpaired. Sherman, who is thirteen years younger, appears much more wan and feeble. His visage is ashen, hollow and spectral, and his eyes deep sunken, though, perhaps, the exhaustion of continuous sessions may account for this.

Interest in Mr. Foraker.

The proceedings were not interrupted by applause for any popular favorites, and the only perceptible sensation, the murmur of interest, was at the name of Foraker, who looked pugnacious and ready for the inevitable controversies of the future. Some were sworn in who would have had no credentials were Senators chosen by direct vote of the people.

The inaugural assemblage in the Senate chamber is always imposing and the ceremonial simple but impressive. The same things are done at the same time, in the same way, at every recurring quadrennial. The same crowds in the galleries are ranked in dense ascent to the outer walls. The same functionaries enter and are announced in the same order, and when the exercises are over they depart in inverse array to the outside platform, where the oath is administered by the Chief Justice to the President-elect, who then delivers his address.

President Cleveland has changed greatly in appearance and manner since he first walked down the Senate alley twelve years ago with the princely Arthur. The smirking smile of self-complacency his features wore has disappeared. He was unstrung and evidently distressed to-day, but he endured the scrutiny of the vast audience, composed chiefly of his enemies, with no trace of self-consciousness or concern. If in that dramatic interlude he reviewed the incidents of his marvellous career, in victory and defeat, and recalled the alienation of his friends and the assaults of his foes, he made no sign. Whatever may be thought of his methods, his policy or his character, he

THRILLING STORY OF THE JOURNAL'S

Continued from First Page.

onds! Hooray! Fifty-six seconds! Fifty-seven seconds! Whoop-la!"

And so it went, mile after mile, varying from sixty-eight to eighty-five miles an hour. Several times the engine was compelled to slow down on account of some mysterious signal ahead and these interruptions between Baltimore and Gray's Ferry consumed over five minutes. But as the record was broken anyway, it is not worth while deducting them.

At Gray's Ferry, three miles from Philadelphia, the train stopped to change engines, and here the reporter mounted to the cab. The change of engines consumed a wee fraction over three minutes, and it was not until 5:41 that the train set out for its run to Jersey City.

If you have never ridden on an engine that at times plunged down grade at the rate of 105 miles an hour you cannot possibly appreciate the terror of the thing. The great railroad yard at Gray's Ferry is three miles long. The train flew over this stretch in two minutes. Then out into the level country, where the tracks stretched ahead in straight, unswerving lines, it flew like a winged, vibrant creature. To Trenton, thirty-five miles, in twenty-seven minutes.

From side to side the engine rocked. The air howled by like a whirlwind, and the trees through the darkness seemed to dance madly. Down a long lane of signal lights, red and yellow and green, and then, with a terrible roar, into impenetrable blackness. The engine seemed to have left the tracks and to be cutting her way through air. It was too dark to see the mile posts. The fireman shouted the names of the stations that danced by, but the wind swallowed his voice.

Then a terrific bump, succeeded by a series of loud rumply-rumply-rumps; the tension relaxed and the engine settled down to something like a respectable gait. The next moment a million lights flashed into view, and the conductor's voice could be heard crying: "Jersey City!"

It was 7:24 by the clock. The Congressional limited arrived two hours and eighteen minutes later.

Now, if you will deduct the twelve minutes' delay at Washington and the three minutes at Gray's Ferry, you can figure out with ease that the Journal's train covered the distance in four hours and nine minutes. If you were to figure all the minutes that were lost at various crossings and which, in all fairness the Journal could claim if it chose, the result would take your breath away.

THANKS TO GROVER CLEVELAND

To Ex-President Cleveland, Washington, D. C.

The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, in convention now assembled, sends you its congratulations and thanks for having so faithfully and successfully maintained the financial honor and credit of the United States throughout your entire Administration, to the lasting benefit of the commercial interests of the whole country.

Every penny tells—You can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents. Best Balm in the market.—Adv.

To Cure a Cold in One Day, Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.—Adv.



ON THE JOURNAL'S FAST TRAIN—Staff Artists Drawing Inauguration Pictures While the Train Was Running at the Rate of a Mile in 34 Seconds.